

April 8, 1944

- CASEY, PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER -

"The Man Who Couldn't be Killed"

by

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Script No. 39

CUE: COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM
(..... 30 seconds)

CASEY: (COLD) Face the camera, please...hold it!

SOUND: FLASH BULB & SHUTTER CLICK

CASEY: Thanks. (FADING) You'll see it in the Morning Express.

ANNCR: The adventures of CASEY— PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER!

MUSIC: UP...THEN UNDER & BACK

ANNCR: Columbia brings you another adventure of CASEY, PRESS PHOTO-
GRAPHER. Tonight, and every Saturday at this time, Columbia
invites you to follow Casey on his exciting assignments and
to meet the strangely assorted people who pass in swift mov-
ing parade before the shutters of his camera. Tonight—
(ORGAN EFFECT) —"The Man Who Couldn't be Killed!"

MUSIC: OVERTURE TO DRAMA...UNDER FOR:

ANNCR: It is an early Saturday afternoon in early Summer...the kind
of a day— (SIGHS) and there are too many such days —when no-
body wants to work. An automobile stops in front of the grim
building that is Police Headquarters...Casey and Ann Williams
alight, enter the dingy anteroom and proceed through a narrow
hallway to a door marked "Homicide Bureau— No Admittance".
(FADING) They open the door and—

SOUND: DOOR OPENED...CLOSED AT *

CASEY: Hello, guys.

COP: (HALF OFF) Hi', Casey. (*)

2nd COP: (HALF OFF) Hello, Miss Williams.

ANN: Greetings.

CASEY: The boss in?

COP: (FADING ON) Lieutenant Logan's in his office there.

CASEY: Busy?

COP: Yeah...he and Sergeant Flanagan are havin' a heavy conference.

ANN: How long will we have to wait—?

LOGAN: (OFF, MUFFLED, IRRITABLY) Flanagan, don't you ever save anything but doughs and aces??

CASEY: Oh, oh!— that sounds like a gin-rummy conference.

COP: (CHUCKLES) I think that's what it is, Casey.

CASEY: Then we don't wait at all, Ann—!

FLANAGAN: (OFF, MUFFLED, TRIUMPHANTLY) I also save troy spots, Lieutenant—

SOUND: DOOR OPENED

FLAN: (ON MIKE, UNMUFFLED) —and here's the one I was waitin' for!

CASEY: So this is how you guys waste the time us taxpayers pay you dough for!

LOGAN: Hello—!!

FLAN: Casey— Miss Williams!

ANN: Looks as though you just laid down a spread, Sergeant.

LOGAN: And look what he lays down!— this guy, Flanagan, plays on so close to his vest he wears out ~~thousands~~ all the low cards.

FLAN: Ah— but, by that careful method, I'm becomin' a rich man at your expense, Lieutenant... I'm storin' up dough for me old age! Sixty points you have in yer hand!— at 15 points to the penny, you owe me four cents.

ANN: (LAUGHS) At that rate, Sergeant, you'll be able to invest in a new War Stamp about the middle of next November. (GENERAL LAUGH)

CASEY: Say, Logan— don't you go off duty today at one o'clock?

LOGAN: Yes. Hmm— that's just two minutes from now.

ANN: Made any date?

LOGAN: No. Why?

CASEY: Ann and I have a lucky assignment at Fuller Beach— it'll only take us a few minutes to cover, then we're through for the day. How about coming along for a swim?

LOGAN: That sounds interesting!

FLAN: It sounds swell! I got the afternoon off, too— get room in your car for em here?

CASEY: Sure, Flanagan.

ANN: And glad to have you.

CASEY: Get your hats and let's go.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS...RECEIVER UNCRADLED AT * ...RECRADLED AT **

LOGAN: Excused me—

CASEY: Better not answer that, Logan— phone calls can wreck a day off!

LOGAN: Not MY day off. (*) Hello. (SLIGHT PAUSE, SLIGHT ANNOYANCE)
Okay— put him on. (PAUSE) Hello, Mr. Garch. (PAUSE) I'm just going off duty, I'll send one of my men— (SLIGHT PAUSE) But— (PAUSE) What does this note say? (PAUSE) That's ridiculous, Mr. Garch!— he'd have to be an absolute magician to get close enough to you to ^{kill} you...you're the best guarded man in this town. (PAUSE; IRRITABLY) Oh, alright— I'll be there in about ten minutes. (SLIGHT PAUSE) Okay...goodbye. (**)

CASEY: I told you not to answer that phone, Logan.

ANN: Not YOUR day off, you said, Lieutenant.

LOGAN: I won't let this guy hold us up more than a few minutes...but I'll have to step off and see him— he's too important to say "no" to.

CASEY: That wasn't J.C. Garch you were talking to?

LOGAN: Yeah. Ever met him?

CASEY: No...but I naturally know who he is.

ANN: Who doesn't?! He owns the Garch Building here, about \$5,000,000 worth of city real estate, a couple Australian gold-mines and— I don't know what else.

LOGAN: He also owns an unpleasant personality and a wide yellow streak.

CASEY: What did you mean when you said no one could get close enough to him to ^{kill} him?

LOGAN: (SLIGHT PAUSE) Casey— Miss Williams— this is off the record...NOT for publication:—

CASEY: Okay, Logan.

ANN: It's confidential.

LOGAN: Mr. John C. Garch is a very frightened guy. About a year ago he began to receive notes, all in the same handwriting and all signed the same way, telling him that he had only a limited time to live...and each note has shortened the limit of that time. He just phoned to tell me that he received one a few minutes ago that says he dies today.

CASEY: You say these notes are signed?

LOGAN: Yeah— signed ^{Man u Garch} "Evans Ludlow". Garch knows the ^{Man Marcus Garch} guy and knows him well...but, while he comes bleating to us cops for protection, he won't tell us the reason for the threats. All he'll say about Ludlow is that he's approximately ⁶⁶ 55 years old, small, slender, grey-eyed— and Australian.

CASEY: You haven't been able to trace the notes.

LOGAN: No...they're always mailed from different parts of town. And Garch has failed to identify any of the small, middle-aged Australians that we've picked up on suspicion.

CASEY: This sounds interesting, Logan.

ANN: And mysterious.

LOGAN: It's also a pain in the neck. Every time Garch gets a new note, I have to go up to his place and convince him all over again that he's completely safe.

CASEY: You're sure he is?

LOGAN: Like to see for yourself, Casey?

CASEY: Yeah.

ANN: So would I!

LOGAN: I can't take you to him, Miss Williams. Garch'll take Casey for another cop when he sees him with me and I won't have to make any explanations...with you it'd be different. You stay in the car with Flanagan when we get out at the Garch Building.

CASEY: You're seeing Garch at his office, huh?

LOGAN: His office and here. After he began to get these notes, Garch ^{part of} had the tower where his offices are fitted up as living quarters...he's on the 30th floor, right under the roof, where no one can get at him unless they fly there— and the steepled roof of the tower isn't a practicable landing field.

ANN: Sounds as though he's pretty frightened of Mr. Ladlow.

LOGAN: He has no reason to be— as Casey will see in a few minutes. Come on...I'll give Garch five minutes of soothing conversation and then we'll get out to that beach.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: ELEVATOR DOOR OPENED...CLOSED AT *

MAN: 29th floor.

LOGAN: Come on, Casey.

CASEY: Thought you said we were going to the 30th floor, Logan.

LOGAN: The elevators aren't allowed to go above the 29th any more... we walk the rest of the way. (*)

CASEY: Oh. Another precaution, I ^{well} suppose.

LOGAN: Yes. And wait'll you see some of the others. Here's the door to the stairway.

CASEY: Hum— solid steel.

LOGAN: And locked tight until you ring ^{this} a little bell and—

SOUND: SOFT BELL RINGS OFF...SMALL PANEL IN DOOR OPENED AT *

CASEY: (CHUCKLES) There's a peep-hole in the door, like in the old speak-easy days—

LOGAN: Yeah. (*) Hello, Fallon.

FALLON: (SLIGHTLY OFF) It's you, Lieutenant! This fella's with you, of course.

LOGAN: Yes. Open up.

FALLON: Okay.

SOUND: HEAVY STEEL DOOR UNLOCKED & OPENED...CLOSED AT * & RELOCKED

FALLON: (HAT MIKE) Mr.Garch is waitin' for you perty anxiously...I'll signal Bill to open the upstairs door for you.

SOUND: SOFT MUFFLED BUZZER OFF

LOGAN: Come on,Casey. (*)

SOUND: THEY CLIMB STAIRS— HOLD UNDER & CUT AT *,WHEN ANOTHER STEEL DOOR IS OPENED...IT IS CLOSED & LOCKED AT ** UNDER DIALOGUE

CASEY: This place is like a jail.

LOGAN: But to keep people out—not in. The next door is the kind they use for bank vaults. (*)

BILL: Hello,Lieutenant.

LOGAN: Hello,Bill. This is Casey— he's okay.

BILL: He'd have to be— with you. Soon as I lock this door,I'll have Joe tell Mr.Garch you're here. (**)

CASEY: Joe is the Number 3 guard,I suppose.

LOGAN: He's really the Number One...he's stationed outside the door of Garch's private suite.

CASEY: Hmm. Nice set of offices up here.

LOGAN: Yeah. Everyone in the office gone for the day,Bill?

BILL: They all left at one o'clock^{Saturday 4:15} all except Mr.Edwards,that is.
(FADING) I'll give the word to Joe.

LOGAN: Okay.

EDWARDS: (ABOUT 25;QUIET,PLEASANT,A GENTLEMAN;SLIGHT AUSTRALIAN ACCENT..
FADING OFF) Hello,Lieutenant.

LOGAN: Hello,Mr.Edwards. Working late,eh?

EDWARDS: (FADING ON) I'm clearing out shortly...have a few matters to attend to first.

LOGAN: Uh— this is Casey,Mr.Edwards.

EDWARDS: How do you do,sir.

LOGAN: Edwards handles the business end of Mr. Garch's mining properties.

EDWARDS: (A GENIAL CHUCKLE) With some difficulty, ^{from the distance} due to the war— they're situated in western Australia.

JOE: (ABOUT 40; ROUGH, MOROSE, HEAVY AUSTRALIAN ACCENT... FADING ON) Mr. Garch wants you to come right in, Lieutenant.

LOGAN: Okay, Joe.

EDWARDS: Pardon me— Joe, will you tell Mr. Garch I'd like to have a moment with him when the Lieutenant is finished.

JOE: I will, Mr. Edwards.

LOGAN: Come on, Casey.

CASEY: Nice to know you, Mr. Edwards.

EDWARDS: (FADING) The same, Mr. Casey.

SOUND: LIGHT KNOCK ON STEEL DOOR AS:

JOE: It's alright to open up, Mr. Garch... Lieutenant Logan is here.

GARCH: (ABOUT 55; CRINGING, UNPLEASANT PERSONALITY; GREATLY AGITATED (THROUGHOUT— UNSUCCESSFULLY FIGHTING FEAR... AUSTRALIAN ACCENT) (INSIDE, MUFFLED) Speak to me, Lieutenant— let me hear your voice before I unlock— (HASTILY) Not that I don't trust you, Joe.

JOE: (MUTTERS DISGUSTEDLY) That chap wouldn't trust his own mother, Lieutenant.

LOGAN: (SLIGHT PROJECTION) It's Logan alright, Mr. Garch.

GARCH: (WITH RELIEF) Yes, I recognize— I'll unlock—

SOUND: HEAVY STEEL DOOR UNLOCKED & OPENED... CLOSED & RELOCKED AT *

GARCH: Come in, Lieutenant. Joe said this man was with you, so— so he must be alright.

LOGAN: (CURTLY) I wouldn't have brought him otherwise. This is Casey, Mr. Garch.

CASEY: How are you.

GARCH: You're also a policeman, I suppose, Mr. Casey.

LOGAN: Dont worry about Casey. Let's see that last note you got.

GARCH: As soon as I lock the door. Go outside, Joe...and be extra careful.

JOE: (IRRITABLY, WITH SLIGHT FADE) Nobody gets by me, sir. (*)

GARCH: Lieutenant— you're sure that Joe is to be trusted, as I have to trust him?

LOGAN: (WHISPERING) Mr. Garch, I've told you many times that I, personally, know the record of every guard you have here and they're all A-one. We've also investigated every employee in your office out there...there's no one around you who's in any way suspicious.

GARCH: I know, I know...but— (SLIGHT PAUSE) Here's the note that came today...read it.

LOGAN: (SLIGHT RUSTLE OF PAPER...READS:) "John Garch:— It would give me great pleasure to have you suffer longer the tortures of fear that you have known since, a year ago, you learned that I had returned from— the dead..." What's meant by that "returned from the dead", Mr. Garch?— there's been nothing like that in any other note you've shown me.

GARCH: That — that doesn't matter! Read the next part.

LOGAN: Hmm. It goes on:— "But time is short and I have grown impatient...therefore, ^{you see} today will be your last on earth. This is goodbye, John Garch— from Evans Ludlow."

GARCH: (AN HYSTERICAL WHINE) That note means what it says...I'll die today— I'll die.

LOGAN: (ROUGHLY) That's nonsense! Why wont you tell me something about this Ludlow that'd help us cops find him?? Who is he... what is he...what does he mean by that crack about "returning from the dead"...and why does he want to kill you??

GARCH: Those things dont matter! I've given you his description... that's all you need to know.

LOGAN: Humph. (SLIGHT PAUSE) You knew Ludlow pretty well, didn't you?

GARCH: I— yes.

LOGAN: Sure this is his handwriting?

GARCH: Yes. And he'll kill me today...he'll kill me. (A SOB)

LOGAN: (IMPATIENTLY) Mr. Garch— this Ludlow, whoever he is, or no one else can get at you today or any other day after the precautions you've taken here. We'll see if Casey doesn't agree with me! Casey, the only door ~~to~~ into Mr. Garch's office here and to his private apartment beyond is the one we came through a minute ago.

CASEY: You belt that from the inside, yourself, Mr. Garch...and have a guard standing outside.

GARCH: *Sh* Yes, but—

LOGAN: Wait a minute! Try to realize how safe you've made yourself. (SLIGHT FADE) Look out these windows, Casey.

CASEY: (SLIGHTLY OFF) We're a good ten stories above any other building near here.

LOGAN: And the walls outside these windows are sheer, smooth mason work...no one could climb ^{come} em. No one can ~~run~~ down from the roof because no one can get to the roof...the door's been walled up.

CASEY: No one can reach you from this Adams Street side, Mr. Garch.

GARCH: My— my outer offices extend along this Adams Street side, Mr. Casey— They should have been blocked off, Lieutenant...if Ludlow got into the outer offices—

LOGAN: He can't get past your ~~ga~~ stairway guards into the outer offices! And not even a human fly could crawl along the outside wall from window to window. Besides, you've got to have a little light and air up here...you've blocked off all the windows on the other three sides of this tower with steel shutters.

GARCH: It- it does seem impossible that anyone—

LOGAN: It IS impossible for anyone to reach you.

GARCH: Maybe he's already gotten in some way...maybe he's hiding in here now—!

LOGAN: There isn't a crevice here for anything bigger than a cat to hide in...but I'll give the place a going-over to make doubly sure. It's obvious that only the three of us are in this office

GARCH: Ye-es.

LOGAN: (SLIGHT FADE) Let's look into your apartment beyond.

SOUND: LIGHT DOOR OPENED

LOGAN: (FADING ON) Here's your living room...no closets, no draperies, no place for concealment.

GARCH: No-o.

LOGAN: (FADE OFF) Dining room next. (FADE ON) The same.

GARCH: Yes.

LOGAN: (FADE OFF) Kitchenette— (FADE BACK) Impossible.

GARCH: The-the bedroom—

LOGAN: We'll look at it. (SLIGHT PAUSE) One clothes closet here—

SOUND: LIGHT DOOR OPENED

LOGAN: Nothing in it but clothes. (PAUSE) Under the bed— empty space. (SLIGHT FADE) Bathroom— (PAUSE) Nothing. (FADE ON) Nothing— no one anywhere...no place for anything or anyone! Mr.Garch, with this set-up— you CANT be killed.

GARCH: I- I guess you're right, Lieutenant. I- I'll beat Ludlow...I'll beat him!

LOGAN: He hasn't a chance...forget about him. This note of his is nothing but a bluff...so were the others, I think. He's tried to throw a scare into you and you've let him succeed...but he cant do anything more if you sit tight here.

GARCH: I- I wont leave the place...I wont let anyone in. But if you'll stay with me until midnight, Lieutenant— until this day is over—

LOGAN: Sorry...I can't.

GARCH: I'll pay you— ! I'll pay you— two hundred dollars!

LOGAN: (COLDLY) Thanks. But I work for the city, I don't take private bodyguard jobs...and this is my day off.

GARCH: I'll make it five hundred—!

LOGAN: Mr. Garch, if I thought you needed any more protection, you'd get it and it wouldn't cost you a dime. Come on, Casey.

GARCH: (HALF TO HIMSELF) I don't really need you, I guess...I'm altogether safe.

LOGAN: Of course you are. Will you open this trick door and let us out?

SOUND: DOOR UNLOCKED...OPENED AT *...CLOSED & LOCKED AT **

GARCH: Yes. I won't let anyone in here after you go...no one. He can't get to me...he can't kill me. (*) Here. Joe— Lieutenant Logan and— uh— Casey are leaving.

JOE: (FADING ON) Yes, sir. Mr. Edwards would like to see you for a minute, sir.

GARCH: Tell Edwards to go home...I'll see no one today— no one.

JOE: Yes, sir.

GARCH: Goodbye, Lieutenant.

LOGAN: 'Bye, Mr. Garch. (**) Let's get out to that beach, Casey.

CASEY: Yeah.

LOGAN: So long, Joe.

JOE: So long.

EDWARDS: (HALF OFF...FADING ON) You're leaving, Lieutenant?

LOGAN: Yes, Mr. Edwards.

JOE: The boss says for you to go, too, Mr. Edwards...he's just locked himself in and won't see no one.

EDWARDS: Oh. I'll go back to my office then, get some papers to take home and— (FADING) Goodbye, Lieutenant— and Mr. Casey.

LOGAN: So long, Edwards.

CASEY: So long.

LOGAN: Let us out, Bill.

SOUND: STEEL DOOR UNLOCKED & OPENED UNDER:

BILL: Okay, Lieutenant. 'Bye'

SOUND: THEY DESCEND STAIRS AT *...DOOR CLOSED & LOCKED BEHIND THEM

LOGAN: 'Bye. (*) (LOW) What do you think of Garch, Casey?

CASEY: (LOW) For my dough, he belongs to the loose family.

LOGAN: Check and double check.

CASEY: Wonder what he did to Ludlow.

LOGAN: So do I. Open the main gate of this jail, Fallon.

SOUND: STEEL DOOR QUICKLY UNLOCKED & OPENED AS:

FALLON: Okay, Lieutenant. Come and visit our happy home again.

LOGAN: It won't be a pleasure.

FALLON: (CHUCKLES— FADING)

SOUND: DOOR CLOSED & RELOCKED— FADING

CASEY: That Edwards is a nice looking young guy, Logan.

LOGAN: Notice how he drags that left foot of his?

CASEY: Yeah. That the reason he's not in the Army?

LOGAN: He's been in the Army...his leg got that way at Dunkirk.

CASEY: Britisher, eh?

LOGAN: Australian. He was pretty badly shot up.

CASEY: Garch is an Australian, too, isn't he?

LOGAN: Uh huh. So is Joe, his Number One bodyguard.

CASEY: Joe doesn't seem too strong for his boss.

LOGAN: Neither is Bill; neither is Fallon— or anyone else. But these three guys'll guard him. Here's the elevator.

SOUND: ELEVATOR DOOR OPENED...CLOSED AT * & CAR DESCENDS

MAN: 29th floor...going down.

CASEY: Can I go for a swim now!— my clothes are sticking to me.

LOGAN: Same here. It was brutally hot in that joint— with only the windows on one side open. (*)

CASEY: Garoh has certainly made himself safe there.

LOGAN: Safer than a guy in church.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: ELEVATOR DOOR OPENED

MAN: Main floor...all out.

LOGAN: I suppose Miss Williams and Flanagan are cussing us out for being so long, Casey.

CASEY: ~~Harshen's~~ ~~Harshen~~ Shouldn't wonder. This way!— we left the car on the Adams Street side.

LOGAN: That's right—

SOUND: HEAVY GLASS CRASH, FOLLOWED INSTANTLY BY
OFF ~~THE~~ STRIDENT CLANGOR OF A BURGLAR ALARM

LOGAN: Casey—!

CASEY: A burglar alarm!!

LOGAN: Dont you think I know what it is?? Come on!!

SOUND: BRING ON STREET EFFECTS, EXCITED CROWD MURMUR, POLICE WHISTLES OFF

CASEY: Across the street, Logan...that jewelry store window—!

LOGAN: It's been busted!

CASEY: I've got a camera in the car—!

ANN: (HALF OFF) Casey—!

CASEY: Ann— hand me that camera on the seat!

ANN: (AT MIKE) Here!

CASEY: What happened? to that window??

ANN: I dont know! Sergeant Flanagan and I were sitting in the car—
suddenly we heard a crash of glass and that alarm started...
he jumped out of the car—

CASEY: Logan's over there with him now...I'll get a shot—

GRCH: FAR OFF— A SCREAM OF TERROR

ANN: (BIG) Casey—!!!

CASEY: Someone falling from the Garoh Building!!

ANN: A man!!!

SOUND: FLASH BULB & SHUTTER CLICK

CASEY: I got a shot of him!!

SOUND: HEAVY CRASH OF BODY ON PAVEMENT...REACTION FROM CROWD

ANN: (SCREAMS) He landed there-- just in front of our car!!

CASEY: Ann-- it's J.C.Garch!!!

ANN: Garch??

CASEY: (SHOUTS) Logan-- Flanagan-- come here!!!

LOGAN: (OFF, FADING ON) We saw Casey! Who--?

CASEY: It's Garch!!

LOGAN: Garch???

CASEY: He fell from that tower window!-- Garch is dead!!

LOGAN: Flanagan, you stay here in charge!-- Send for the squad and the Medical Examiner...and find out how that jeweler's window got broken!!

FLAN: Yes, sir!

LOGAN: Come on, Casey...we're going back to the 30th floor!!

MUSIC: BRIDGE (NEXT SCENE PLAYED RAPIDLY, AT HIGH TENSION)

LOGAN: You're sure you were here outside of Garch's door, Joe??

JOE: I didn't move two steps from here, Lieutenant-- from the time you and Mr. Casey left 'til you came back just now!

LOGAN: When you heard that burglar alarm down in the street, didn't you go to the window to see--??

JOE: My job was to stay by this door...I wouldn't have left here if bombs were fallin' outside! And nobody got through this door!-- you've tried it yourself and knew it's still locked from inside. Besides, no one got past Bill and Fallon on the stairs!

FALLON: That's right, Lieutenant!

LOGAN: Bill-- Joe-- Fallon-- Mr. Edwards-- did any of you see any one of the others when you heard that scream...or just before it?

EDWARDS: I didn't.

BILL: No.

FALLON: Me, either.

JOB: Or me. Why do you ask that?— you dont think—!

LOGAN: I'm asking the questions, Joe! You three fellows go to work on that door with those fire-axes...I want to get inside Garch's apartment— and fast!

CASEY: ^{Well later} Let ~~me~~ get a shot of that door ^{while} before you bust it!

SOUND: FLASH BULB & SHUTTER CLICK

CASEY: Okay.

SOUND: HEAVY BLOWS ON STEEL DOOR WITH AXES— FADE TO HALF OFF DURING FOLLOWING...DOOR FORCED OPEN AT *

LOGAN: Where were you when you heard the scream outside, Mr. Edwards?

EDWARDS: Back there in my office, Lieutenant— preparing to leave. When I got to my window, all I saw was a body lying on the sidewalk below. I didn't know it was Mr. Garch until you told us.

LOGAN: That burglar alarm brought nearly everyone else in this building to their windows before Garch fell. Weren't you curious enough to look out and see what it was about?

EDWARDS: Yes, Lieutenant...it was the burglar alarm that started me toward the window...but, you see— my leg— I dont move very rapidly.

LOGAN: (SOFTER) That 's so— I'd forgotten. You saw nothing then that might account for Garch's fall?

EDWARDS: Nothing, sir.

CASEY: I'm shooting a picture of you, Mr. Edwards— hold it.

SOUND: FLASH BULB & SHUTTER CLICK

CASEY: Thanks. (*)

FALLON: We busted the lock, Lieutenant— the door's open!

LOGAN: Come on, Casey!

CASEY: (PAUSE) Everything looks exactly as we left it, Logan.

LOGAN: Yeah...no sign of a struggle— nothing. This is the window he fell from...it's the only one open.

CASEY: (PAUSE) No marks on the window...inside or out.

LOGAN: Not a thing.

JOE: (HESITANTLY) Lieutenant— Mr. Garch was an awful frightened man... maybe— maybe he got fed up with bein' frightened and— just decided to take a jump.

LOGAN: (PAUSE) Do you honestly think a guy like Garch would commit suicide, Joe... that he'd throw himself out of a window 30 stories above the street?

JOE: (APOLOGETICALLY) Well— it's the only explanation I can think of.

LOGAN: (GRIMLY) I'm looking for another explanation. Don't anyone touch anything in here... I'm going over this place inch by inch.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: BARROOM EFFECTS... PIANO BEHIND— AND NOT HEAVY

ETH: So you and Miss Williams never got to the Beach last Saturday, Casey.

CASEY: No, Ethelbert— we put in the entire day with Logan.

ANN: (DRYLY) Looking for something that hasn't been found yet.

ETH: Nary a clue to the Garch myst'ry, huh?

CASEY: Not even the smell of one. We've just time for one more drink, Ethelbert... then Miss Williams and I have a date at the Zoo.

ETH: The Zoo?

ANN: Casey's going to take some shots of a new panda they have there and I'm going to write a yarn about its social habits.

ETH: Well, that aint so excitin' as tryin' to solve a murder— but it's a darn sight safer... you and Casey get into trouble with your murders sometimes.

CASEY: Yeah.

ANN: (THOUGHTFULLY) I don't think Garch was murdered, Casey... he must have just— jumped out of that window.

CASEY: I can't believe that, Ann... and neither can Logan.

ANN: No one could have thrown him out of the window!— you know that no one got into his private quarters.

CASEY: Yes, but— Why was that jewelry store window broken just before he fell?— setting off an automatic burglar alarm. That window was broken by a rock the size of a baseball...any guy who knows the first thing about pitching could have thrown it from anywhere on the Adams Street side of the Garch Building.

ETH: I don't see how there can be any connection between that burglar alarm and—

CASEY: It brought everyone's attention to the jewelry store, Ethelbert— on the opposite side of the street from the Garch Building... and far below its 30th story. Nobody on the street or in any nearby building was looking upward when Garch fell...nobody saw what made him fall. Also, I think the alarm was intended to bring Garch to his window where— well, that Ludlow, ^{maybe—} ~~Argans~~ could get him.

ETH: But how could he be get from outside a 30th floor window??— unless he was potted with a rifle.

ANN: Garch wasn't shot before he fell, Ethelbert...or poisoned or drugged or— anything.

CASEY: No, but the Medical Examiner found a rather peculiar looking mark on his neck, Ann...it looked like a burn.

ETH: Burn?

ANN: Lieutenant Logan thought at first it was a rope burn, Ethelbert... and that someone standing in another window of the building might have thrown a noose over Garch's head when he stuck it out to see what the burglar alarm was about.

ETH: That way he could be yanked outa his window and let drop.

CASEY: Yeah...but it was a theory that didn't stand up. Logan had a cowboy roping expert try it and— it just couldn't be done.

ANN: Anyway, the noose would have been around Garch's neck when he hit the street...and it wasn't.

ETH: ~~That's the only way it could be done, the expert yanked with his hands, but he couldn't~~

ETH: Sa-ay! Couldn't he have been got with a HOOK?— you know...
the kind they usta use in theaters on amature nights!

CASEY: Logan monkeyed with that idea, too...and got nowhere. The
nearest possible point from which Garoh could have been reached
with a hook ^{or any thing} was 20 feet away, from a window in his own outer office
offices. ~~all~~ offices on the two floors below had been vacated,
locked and sealed after he began to get those ^{man g} Ludlow letters.
And tests with a hook that had a handle 20 feet long didn't
work out any better than the rope experiment.

ANN: Besides, a 20 foot handle— even if it telescoped/— ^{wouldn't be} ~~wasn't~~ an easy
thing to hide, Ethelbert...and Lieutenant Logan made a very
thorough search of that building.

CASEY: I'll say he did.

ETH: My hook notion's out.

CASEY: Your hook notion's out.

ETH: Ham...as my sister, Edna, says when she contemplates a dish of
Chinese Chop Suey— Quote: "Here is, indeed, a unfathomable
myst'ry." Unquote.

CASEY: Mmm. (SLIGHT PAUSE) Well, Ann— let's get out to the Zoo.

ANN: We'd better.

ETH: In spite of they cant figger how the deed was done, Casey— I
s'pass the cops're lookin' party hard fer that Ludlow guy.

CASEY: Yeah. But I've got a hunch, Ethelbert, that that's just a waste
of time.

ETH: Youk have?

CASEY: I have. (TROUBLED) Only— I haven't a single thing to back
it up with.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: ZOO EFFECTS; BIRDS, ANIMAL CRIES— HOLD IN BACK... ALSO, THE
WHISTLE OF A PEANUT ROASTER OFF & FADING ON

ANN: Now that I've interviewed the baby panda, we're going to have
some fun, Casey.

CASEY: (CHUCKLES) What'do you want to do,kid?

ANN: First— there's a peanut wagon.

CASEY: Going to feed the monkeys,huh?

ANN: Monkeys nothing!— they're small timers. Here are the ELEPHANTS.

CASEY: Oh. I go for them big lumoxes,too.

ANN: Lumoxes??? They're the swellest things in the Zoo!

CASEY: Okay. Peanuts,Pep— two bags.

ANN: That isn't even an appetizer for an elephant!

CASEY: Alright...make it six.

VENDOR: (OLD ITALIAN...PLEASED) Sixa bag?? Okaya-dekey!

CASEY: (LAUGHS) You carry four of em,Ann...it's your party.

ANN: I've got em! (FADING) They went last long...better put in a priority for some more.

CASEY: (PROJECTION) Say— I cant enter these elephants on my income tax as dependants! (CHUCKLES) Here's your dough,Pep.

VENDOR: Tanka you...tanka you!

ANN: (OFF) Come on,Casey!

CASEY: Al-right.

ANN: (FADING ON) We'll treat this big fellow first. Here,Jumbo— Oh!!— did you see him take that peanut out of my hand??— so quick!

CASEY: Yeah. Now his trunk is back for more.

ANN: I cant hold four bags of peanuts and feed him,too! Here— you take three of em and—

CASEY: Okay— (STARTLED) Hey,big fella—!!!

ANN: (GASPS)

CASEY: (VERY QUICKLY) I'm not going to take your peanuts away!— here's a whole bagful!!

ANN: Casey!!— he wrapped his trunk around your neck when you took those bags from me—!

CASEY: And did he do it fast!! He pulled me half over that railing before I had a chance to think!

ANN: And he let go ^{just as quickly} ~~so quickly~~ and took the bag when you held it out!

CASEY: Whew!— I don't get so close to him again. But wouldn't you think I was too far away from him then for him to catch me like that??

ANN: That trunk of his whips out like lightning and—

CASEY: Yeah...and anything it aims for— (PAUSE...LOW,TENSE,THINKING ALOUD) "Whips out—"...whips. Catches...pulls...anything it aims for— Let's go as quickly as it catches—

ANN: (PUZZLED) Casey—?

CASEY: Elephants...circus...Australia...Ludlow—!

ANN: What on earth are you—??

CASEY: Come on, Ann— I've got to see Logan...I think I know how Garch was murdered!!

ANN: How Garch was murdered??

CASEY: Yeah! And, Junbo— here's the other five bags of peanuts for giving me the tip-off!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

CASEY: Wait a minute, Logan!— I'm not saying that an elephant pulled Garch out the window...I'm merely telling you what gave me my idea.

LOGAN: What IS your idea??

CASEY: You've gone to the circus plenty of times...and, in the old days, you took in a lot of vaudeville shows.

LOGAN: Yes.

CASEY: Then you've seen Australian whip-crackers.

LOGAN: Whip-crackers?

CASEY: They use Australian bull-whips— a whip with a short handle and a lash sometimes 50 Or 60 feet long. I've seen a guy pull

CASEY: (cont'd) another fellow off a running horse with one end of the lash just sailed out, coiled around the rider's body and, before he hit the ground, it was uncoiled and snapped back to its starting place.

LOGAN: That's circus stuff— stunt stuff!

CASEY: It's not! The bull whip's used in Australia the same as the lasso is in Texas. A man who knows how to handle one could have stood at any open window in Garch's outer offices— in a split second, he could have flicked his lash through the window, along the outside wall, and around Garch's neck when that burglar alarm made Garch stick his neck out! Then, to hide the whip, all he had to do was wrap it around his body under his vest! Two of the guys who were in those outer offices were Australians, Logan.

LOGAN: (INTENT) Joe...and Edwards.

CASEY: Yeah.

LOGAN: Bill could have been at a window in those outside offices, too.

CASEY: I'm not forgetting Bill!— he's a Yankee, but from things you've told me about him, he fits into the picture. Fallon's out... he was stationed on the 29th floor and would have had to pass Bill to get into those offices.

LOGAN: How about Ludlew— the guy who wrote those notes?

CASEY: I think we'll find out about Ludlew when we learn whether Joe or Edwards or Bill is the real killer.

LOGAN: (DRYLY) Exactly HOW are we going to learn that? I've questioned those three guys until I got bunions on my vocal chords... and they've told me only what they wanted to tell.

CASEY: If the killer's the guy I think he is, I think there's a way to make him tell us.

LOGAN: How?

CASEY: Get the three of em together— with just you and me and Flanagan...tell em what you've figured out about the whip—

LOGAN: What I've figured out??

CASEY: You're the cop; I'm just a camera-toter! Then, Logan— try a little psychology...(FADING)...and here's my notion of how to try it—

MUSIC: BRIDGE

LOGAN: And that, gentlemen— is the way that one of you three killed Garch!!

(FEARFULLY)

JOE: /I didn't kill him, Lieutenant...I had no reason to kill him!!

LOGAN: I haven't accused you yet, Joe!

EDWARDS: (CALMLY) Which one of us are you accusing, Lieutenant?

LOGAN: You'll learn in a minute, Edwards.

BILL: It cant be me! I dont know anything about these bull-whips... I've never been in Australia!

LOGAN: (SILKILY) You were once with a circus, Bill.

BILL: Huh? Sure!— I usta be an acrobat.

LOGAN: And, with the same circus— at the same time...there was a troupe of whip-crackers.

BILL: (ALARMED) Say—!

LOGAN: (BUILDING) You were very friendly with them— you became intimate s...they taught you how to use the bull-whip!

BILL: You're crazy!!

CASEY: No, he's not!

LOGAN: Tell him, Casey!

CASEY: (BUILDING) I've dug up some old circus pictures of your's in our newspaper files, Bill— and one of them shows you handling a bull-whip!

BILL: I've never touched one of the things!!

LOGAN: The picture says you did! Put the cuffs on him, Flanagan!!

FLAN: You bet!

BILL: (STRUGGLING, FRANTIC) Let me go!!

SOUND: SNAP OF HANDCUFFS AS:

LOGAN: You're under arrest!

BILL: This is a lying frame-up!!

LOGAN: (SAVAGELY) A jury won't think so...a jury will believe that picture! That picture's evidence — good evidence, Bill!! That picture will send you to the chair — for MURDER!!!

BILL: But I didn't...I didn't —!!!!

LOGAN: Throw him in a cell, Flanagan...and if the rat gives you any trouble on the way, you know what to do!

FLAN: Yeah, and I'd like makin' this guy a hospital case! (BRUTALLY) Come on, you!!

BILL: (STRUGGLING, SLIGHT FADE) You're framing me!! — I didn't —!!!

FLAN: (BIG) Come on or I'll knock your teeth out!!!

EDWARDS: (TOPPING) Wait!! Bill didn't kill Garch!!
(ROUGHLY)

LOGAN: /What'd you know about it, Edwards??

EDWARDS: Everything there is to know! (PAUSE...QUIETLY) I killed him.

LOGAN: (LOW, FROM THE SIDE OF HIS MOUTH) You win, Casey. (ALoud, BUT QUIETLY) Why did you kill him, Edwards?

EDWARDS: (QUIET, SIMPLY THROUGHOUT) My father was Evans Ludlow. Garch —

LOGAN: (SLIGHT PAUSE) Go on.

EDWARDS: (PAUSE...HALF TO HIMSELF) This happened a long time ago: —
My father and Garch were partners — prospectors in the gold-fields of Western Australia. When I was a small boy — ten years old — they made a prospecting trip to the desert together. Garch returned alone and said Father had died of fever. A little later, Garch made another trip and staked a gold claim that he sold ^{a half interest} for over 300,000 [£]pounds — well over a million in your money. That was the beginning of his fortune. He left Australia for America. (PAUSE) In the meantime — my mother,

EDWARDS: my baby sister and I— well, Father had left us very little.
(cont'd)

Mother went to work in a mill...she was a frail woman and—
the work killed her. My sister died of malnutrition. (PAUSE)
I was lucky...a family by the name of Edwards adopted me, gave
me an education— and their name. Then, after many years—
my father returned.

LOGAN: He hadn't died.

EDWARDS: No. Garch had struck him from behind and thrown him over a
cliff— you see, Father was the real discoverer of the mine and
Garch wanted it all for himself...some Bushmen— "Black-fellas",
we call them— had found Father and nursed him back to life---
if one could call it "life"...his body had been shattered by
his fall— his arms and legs were useless. (PAUSE) He told me
what Garch had done...then died.

LOGAN: (VERY QUIETLY) And you made up your mind to get Garch.

EDWARDS: Yes. I was about to follow him to this country when war was
declared...I went to France— to Belgium, instead. After Dun-
kirk, I came here, secured a position with Garch and— I am quite
handy with a bullwhip. You know the rest.

LOGAN: You imitated your father's handwriting on those letters.

EDWARDS: Yes. I wanted to torture Garch...to make his life almost un-
bearable before I took it from him. (PAUSE) I succeeded...and
I'm not sorry.

CASEY: (PAUSE...LOW) I am.

EDWARDS: You, Mr. Casey?

CASEY: Yeah. (PAUSE) I'm responsible for you giving yourself away,
Edwards. There wasn't any circus picture of Bill. I— well, I
had a hunch you'd knocked-off Garch--- I didn't know why and
didn't care much...but I'd pegged you for the kind of a guy who
wouldn't let another fellow take a rap for him. Now that I
know why you did what you did, I— I feel like a louse.

EDWARDS: (KINDLY) Dont, Casey. Your courts aren't going to punish me for killing Garch.

CASEY: You've just confessed to murder in the first, Guy.

EDWARDS: I knew. But, you see — I copped a bullet at Dunkirk that lodged itself rather close to the heart...my doctor tells me that I have, at most, a month to live.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: BARROOM EFFECTS...PIANO OFF & VERY QUIET BEHIND:

ETH: (SYMPATHETICALLY) Casey's still feelin' perty low, Miss Williams?

ANN: (QUIET, GLUM) Pretty low, Ethelbert.

ERE: He must be when he dont come in here for a drink in three whole days. (PAUSE) He's a funny guy — so many people, when they get troubled minds, try to soak the trouble away...but Casey goes on the water wagon and lets it burn him up. That makes him funny, dont it, Lieutenant Logan?

LOGAN: (GLUMLY) I guess so. (PAUSE) Give me another drink, Ethelbert — I'm going to try the soaking method. You knew, I dont feel so damned good, either.

MUSIC: UP FOR FINISH.

- THE END -

by:

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